

THE QUEEN OF SNOWS

flowers of the Australian bush have
blest her
for opening to their tired eyes a
world in
which the sordid has no part. In
every country
and in every clime to her memory
men and
women have brought the perfumed
offering,
because she alone amongst the
daughters of
to-day has had the courage of a
love which
was stronger than death.

You, to whom the gods had given
such gifts
of mind and body that all men were
fascinated
by your conversation as by a siren's
voice ; all
women enthralled by your divine
compassion
for those in need, who daily in the
Hindu
Temple across the maidan * sought
for strength
for right, who meditated on doing
good, your
bare feet dipping in the marble
fountain of
your bungalow, whose love for your
lord was
so great that, "meeting too late to
save/" you
deemed it better to live with him in
the Sun
Mansions than to endure a living
death on
earth alone; would it have brought
you
consolation, who thought your
fate was
cruel, could you have known that
your
voice, eloquent in the silence of

death, would
echo all over the world in the souls
of count-
less men and women who are
children of

* Grass plain.